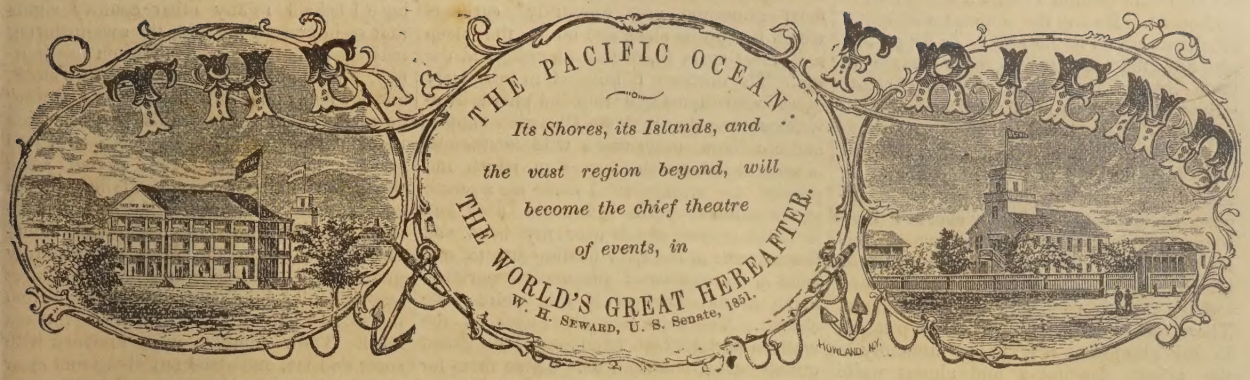
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.
HUVLAND, N.Y.

New Series, No. 7, Vol. 28.} HONOLULU, JULY 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

CONTENTS
For July 1, 1879.

	PAGE
Consul Morton and Editorials	53
Rambles in the Old World—No. 30	53—56
Editor's Table	56
Our Island Girls Abroad	57
Marine Journal	57
"Abide with Me," Poetry	58
Endowment of Oahu College	58
Fornander's Book Again	58
Y. M. C. A.	60

THE FRIEND.

JULY 1, 1879.

U. S. Consul.—We welcome with pleasure, the Hon. J. M. Morton, as U. S. Consul. He has been for several years Government Agent, superintending the Fur Seal fishery on the coast of Alaska, and hence is transferred from one department of Government service to another. His father, the late U. S. Senator, from Indiana, was well known throughout the country and during the war rendered his country distinguished service. Mr. Morton, comes accompanied with his family and we trust will find his sojourn most pleasant. Mr. Hastings, who has so faithfully served, as Vice-Consul, under Dr. Scott, still retains his position, and we feel confident a better could not have been secured.

☞ We read with much gratification the recently published instructions given by the Minister of the Interior to the master of the schooner *Nettie Merrill*, or those engaged in bringing immigrants to these Islands from Micronesia. There stringency is necessary, and we sincerely hope they will be strictly observed. Unless great carefulness is observed and due caution practiced, the whole enterprise will prove an utter failure as has been the case in the transportation of Polynesian laborers to Tahiti, Fiji and Queensland.

The Rev. W. Frear and family spend this summer at Hilo.

The Rev. Dr. Hyde and wife are reported on Maui, at Lahainaluna and Makawao.

☞ Has not the time about come, for the Hawaiian Government to take decided action about the introduction of so many Chinese immigrants, unaccompanied by their wives? Would it not be well to convene the leading and prominent Chinese merchants of Honolulu, and let the subject be fairly discussed? Does not the magnitude of the subject demand the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary who shall visit China and confer with the authorities? If the Hawaiian Government supports a Minister at Washington, ought it not also, to support a Minister or Consul-General at Pekin? Hawaiian affairs are as deeply involved in what passes in China, as what passes in America? The California watchword may be "The Chinese must go," but that of Hawaii is, "The Chinese must come," to work our cane and rice fields. Now let us treat them fairly, and do all in our power to introduce Chinese families, and diffuse among them Christianity.

A Step in the Right Direction.—The barbers of Honolulu are to be highly commended for the movement on their part to close their shops on the Sabbath. The authorities also merit commendation for clearing our streets on the Sabbath of the "express" nuisance. The public welfare does not demand such an array of running expresses as has obstructed our streets upon the Sabbath. "This step" upon the Sabbath question is in keeping with the movement in the United States, for a most strict observance of Sabbath laws.

A Card.—The Religious Tract Society of London has made a grant of books and tracts in various languages to this Chaplaincy, valued at £6. This grant is especially acceptable, as our supply was running quite low. The package was kindly forwarded, freight free, through the house of Messrs. Houlder Bros., of Liverpool, and their agent in Honolulu, T. H. Davies, Esq, per Gleniffer.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 30

A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 9.

OVER THE FILLE FJELD ON FOOT!

As I had tried nearly every other mode of travel, I was determined to do a little pedestrianism in Norway; and the ascent of the Fille Fjeld on foot was a great temptation, and one to which I yielded, and though it was a long climb I shall never regret it. I never thought of being lonely, the mountains and water-falls kept me company all the way. My attention was first attracted by a great stone which stood by the way-side, covered with quaint runic inscriptions and twisted carvings. It was placed near the entrance to a little church-yard, and the contrast between this sign of the olden time and the Christian church was very strtking. Occasionally I passed little settlements, a few houses grouped together, the roofs, sometimes quite covered with turf and moss. Skulls of bears and spreading deer antlers were now and then to be seen nailed to the walls. At one of the stations where I halted for a little time early in the day, I saw some of the furniture which the peasants take pleasure in painting and ornamenting during the long winter evenings. It is a favorite present from parents to children, and is cherished with care and reverence long after those who have fashioned it are gone. Some of the designs in fruit and flowers are quite artistic. The day was, to me, a most impressive one, being quite alone, I felt brought strangely near to the wonderful, natural world about me. For miles the road lay through splendid valleys formed by lofty mountains, whose sides were adorned with a succession of water-falls, sometimes so light and graceful that they seemed to cling for a moment like a silver veil caught on the cliff, and then borne away by the wind. The valleys were fairly alive with the music of the falls. I scarcely lost the murmur of one before that of another broke upon my ear, till my way seemed attended by the music of some mighty harp, from whose silver strings wailed and murmured an infinite melody. Ever higher and higher, sometimes the way formed a zigzag of ascent, and then swept through a spacious and open plain. Nearly all signs of vegetation disappeared. The snow lay in scattered patches on the bleak mountain sides. Far up on

the mountain summit I found a strange little settlement. During the summer the cattle are driven up on to the highlands for pasturage, and the people who have charge of them live in little huts or hovels, called "Saeters." They are most miserable looking affairs. Rough walls of stone supporting roofs of turf. Just out of curiosity, I turned aside from the road to look at one, and in this dingy little interior, to my great surprise, I found a bevy of rosy-cheeked Norwegian maidens, hardy and strong as this wild life could make them, seated about the huge stone fire-place, busily knitting and making the air ring with their merriment. There was something indescribably pleasant in this glimpse of rosy, happy humanity in the infinite loneliness and almost weird dreariness of the landscape. All through the afternoon a storm had been creeping after me, and with the coming of the twilight the rain came in torrents from the clouds. Onward, onward I was forced to walk, beginning to long for the pleasant "station" which I knew was awaiting me in the valley below. The snow patches gleamed ghostly through the gathering gloom; the wind moaned sadly down from the mountains; the rain fell pitilessly. The wild spirits of the old Norwegian myths seemed to take form in the sullen, darkening clouds. Soon the white, withered moss gave way to stunted shrubs, then scattered trees, and then splendid avenues of forest-growths, fragrant with moisture, bending over the road. Then far off down the dusky vista a wavering gleam, growing brighter and brighter, till it settled into a warm and welcoming glow of yellow light, out of which looked kindly faces, and I knew I was at the little station of Hoeg, in the lovely valley of Borgund; and that my interesting journey over the grand summit of the Fille Fjeld was accomplished.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

Far inland as I still was, high up, among the mountains, still after the Fille Fjeld had been passed I seemed almost to hear the throb of the restless Atlantic on the bleak western coast, and felt eager to hasten forward. The mellow golden light which had guided me through the shadows of the previous night had proved no "will o' the wisp," but the welcoming lamps of the cheeriest of mountain inns, where I found the best of welcomes awaiting me. The storm of the previous night had died away, and in the early morning hours the sun stood in cloudless radiance in the glorious northern sky. After the wild and bleak loneliness of yesterday's journey, the returning signs of human life which came to me, as I descended more and more into the valleys, were peculiarly welcome. During the forenoon I reached one of the little villages, lying along the route, where stood an ancient and peculiar church, which is one of the most interesting relics of the past in Norway. It is no longer used as a place of service, but stands in the midst of the pleasant Norwegian valley as a mute reminder of long vanished days. I caught glimpses of it coming down the valley, and must confess at first this quaint, dark structure produced something of an uncanny impression, centuries old and black with age. It is built entirely of wood, and ornamented with the most grotesque and unearthly carvings which run up its sides and on to the steep roof, meeting in sharp saw-like edges at the top. The entrance is finished in intricately carved arabesques and rounded pillars. Notwithstanding that it was a Christian temple, and cruciform, there was a wild heathenish *something* about the structure which impressed me strangely. I made me a couch in the summer grass before the door, and with the drifting clouds over my head, and the murmur of the river floating up to me, tried in the shadow of the sombre portal to make acquaintance with this weird little church. There are two old *runes* on the western portal which hands now long folded quietly away, wrote for us. I give them for the quaint language—"*porir raist runar pissar pan olau misso*,"—and another, *Pittai kirkia a kiekinvilli*.—All along the wild romantic way on which I journeyed during the day, my thoughts reverted to the little church in the valley, as if a spell of enchantment had been laid on them. But the royal dinner my hostess at Husum spread out before me was more than enough to dispel all the spectres of the morning. The rest of the journey to the Fjord was accomplished in a little carriole, a method of travel peculiar to Norway. These carrioles, or Skyds, are light little breaks, with two huge wheels, and just room enough for one person. They are owned at the different stations, which lie along the route. You take them from one station to another, and then they are driven back by the little boy who accompanies you.

It was a rare afternoon. Our way lay through wild rocky mountain gorges, which gradually gave way to a grand and stately valley lying between splendid mountains, reaching to the Sogne Fjord. My bronzed and wiry little Norwegian attendant delighted me immensely. A thousand blessings on your curly-head, little Olaf of Husum. As another travelling companion for miles I had a riotous, glorious mountain stream, revealing now depths of emerald green, now of deepest blue, through the manteling foam. Olaf tells me that in its jewelled waters is the home of the finest salmon. Now, long avenues of trees in the beauty of summer foliage, farm-houses in the midst of spreading, fertile fields, now clustering fisher-houses, and we are in the little town of Laerdalsören and with the Greeks of old, after the mountain journey, we shout, "The Sea! The Sea!"

ON THE SOGNE FJORD.

You are aware what a strangely serrated coast Norway possesses and in looking at the map you will be almost confused by its labyrinth of indentations and deep penetrating inlets. Norway is unique in its glorious Fjord scenery. One could with profit and constantly growing pleasure spend weeks in exploring this wonderful region. The two most beautiful Fjords of the western coast, are Sogne and Hardanger, the former running one hundred and twenty miles inland. Lest you should think me too enthusiastic let me give you, in the words of another a description of the journey from Landal to Gudvangen the route which our steamer took on the first day. "The scenery is grand beyond all conception, and never have I beheld in any other country sights that so impressed me with the awe-inspiring majesty of nature as did these on this journey. We left Saerdalsören at eight o'clock, and for four and a half hours were sailing down the sublime Fjord, this part of which is unquestionably the finest piece of Fjord scenery in Norway. We passed some thirty water-falls or cascades, falling in an endless variety of graceful shapes from various altitudes down the enormous mountains which form the sides of this truly grand Fjord. These mountains rise almost perpendicular 4,000 or 5,000 feet high from the surface of the Fjord, which is the sea level. Their summits were crowned with snow and ice, and stood out sharp and clear against the bright blue sky, and their gigantic forms from base to peak stood deep reflected in the calm, clear fjord water, perfect as a mirror. At the junction of the Aurlands and Noeroens Fjords the scenery defies description. Here an amphitheatre of mighty mountains rises upwards of 4,000 feet sheer from the silent Fjord and the solemn grandeur which this sight imposes is quite overpowering. No storm can enter here; all is still as death; even the water-falls which here present themselves appear to hang in silence all around. We could think of no place that would compare with this most wonderful sight. We thought of the lakes of Lucerne and Como, but they are weak in their impressiveness compared with this. The mountains and fjord wear a kind of sombre gloom which would depress were it not for their surpassing magnificence. Entering the right arm, or Noervens Fjord as it is called, the mountains increase in height and grandeur as the Fjord narrows up to Gudvangen. Sunshine only reaches the water here when the sun is nearly vertical, in consequence of the great altitude of the mountain's sides, whose enormous shadows almost perpetually overshadow the narrow fjord. * * The wonderful sights had gradually worked up our feelings so as to produce a state of exciting adoration, such as I had never before experienced, when, just before arriving at Gudvangen the climax was reached. A solitary peak lifts its pointed head 1000 feet clear above the other mountains, and towering like a monarch over all, 5000 feet in height, it seemed to touch the sky; and scarcely had our admiration of this wonderful sight broke forth, ere the captain pointed on the opposite side of the Fjord to what appeared to be a strip of silvery fleecy cloud suspended from the mountain. This was the Keel Fos, which falls 2000 feet! "From Gudvangen out is a most interesting route to Hardanger Fjord, and then on to Bergen. The glorious glacier-fields and the beautiful Voring Fos, one of the most beautiful waterfalls in all Europe, and the ever romantic scenery of the coast attract many travelers to Hardanger. From Gudvangen our little steamer passed swiftly out into other winding arms of the Fjord. I was the only passenger, and found the captain a well-informed, agreeable young man, speaking some English. His home is in this region, and he knows every recess and inlet of Sogne. Not far away from Gudvangen, he related to me a tragical incident in the history of

the little settlement. Some ten or twenty years ago, on a winter's day, a young couple dressed in all their bridal finery, the bride adorned with one of those towering crowns which every Norwegian peasant bride wears, had started in their boat, attended by all their friends and relatives, a little bridal train, for the church which lay farther up the Fjord. Just as the company were passing through one of the narrow passes, where the towering cliffs come very near together, a noise like thunder was heard, and a huge avalanche of snow and ice fell with fatal force over the terrified peasants below and buried them in the deep waters of the Fjord. During the winter months the captain tells me that the steamer does not visit some of the settlements, owing to the fact that the tremendous avalanches render the navigation dangerous. It was so late in the season that our little steamer was visiting some of the villages for the last time, and I thought some of the little groups who stood on the shore and waived adieux to us would find the winter months very long, before the little herald from the outer world came back with the opening spring. From one point to another the little "Oscar" darted, seeming especially privileged and loved among these solemn mountains and deep blue waters. Cozily and comfortably they tucked me away for the night, and with the grey dawn I found we had reached one of the arms of the Fjord which I had especially desired to visit.

FJAERLAND AND ITS GLACIERS.

The rain was pouring in torrents, and yet the intense desire which I felt to visit the beautiful Glacier lying up among the mists of the valley was more than sufficient to find a way out of the difficulty. I had the morning hours and the captain promised to signal for me in time. Among the fishermen on the shore I found one willing to face the rain and storm and drive me to the Glacier. It was a wildly delightful ride, on all sides rose huge mountains with summits lost in grey and solemn banks of mist. Roaring mountain torrents, showing tawny and troubled waters beneath the tossing wreaths of creamy foam, dashed down through the ravines and across our road, so that at times we seemed almost borne on their surface. At last we were forced to leave our horse and proceed on foot through the moist fragrant forest to the base of the glacier. The Suphellenbrace is exceedingly interesting, being one of the easiest of access in the world as it descends to about 159 feet above the level of the sea. Few sights are more strangely impressive than that which a glacier affords. I stood spell-bound before this glorious frozen-wonder, till my guide called to me to follow him in attempting its passage. The storm of the early morning had passed away and the mists had lifted so that the Glacier stood revealed in its splendor before us. From the green-valley where we stood, far of to the summit of the mountain rose one enormous mass of ice and snow, glittering and motionless.

The Glacier has already descended some distance into the valley and is slowly, very slowly making its way to the sea. One is afforded here a rare-opportunity of studying its progress even better than at the Wengern Alp. Close to its very border beautiful ferns and wild flowers and rare and exquisite mosses might be gathered. Viewed from all points the Glacier is grandily impressive. We scaled some of its icy heights, but found the passage across would occupy too much time and accordingly were forced to content ourselves with a partial survey. It was necessary to use great care in climbing and walking on the surface, as on all sides huge rifts in the ice-masses opened about us into whose shadowy depths we scarcely dared to gaze and yet towards which we were continually drawn by a strange almost irresistable attraction. At the lower portions of the mass, numerous streams rushed forth into the valley, out of caves, so blue, so cold, so wonderously beautiful they seemed fit for the abode of enchanted spirits of the ice.

The longer I gazed, the greater grew the glory of the scene. Never in my life had I seen such a marvelous blue as in these ice-fissures, and in the pinnacles and battlements which rose into the air. And then the infinite, almost painful stillness, in this desolation, this awfulness of certain irresistible destiny in the onward march of the glacier through the fertile, smiling valley, which no human power can hinder, which, in the darkness and light, through all the changing seasons, *must* go forward till the end is reached. I thought involuntarily of the great, desolate lava wastes on Hawaii, so strangely different in their sullen blackness to the terrible whiteness of this scene, and yet producing something of the same impression. By neither should I wish too long to stay. To see both is worth very much.

All down the valley I kept glancing back through the forest at its white face, lying unmoved in its death likeness, and felt something as if a weight had fallen from me, as I stood once more among the warm-hearted fisher-folk upon the shore.

As our little vessel steamed out of the Fjord the sun appeared in all its radiance, and the glaciers of the valley lifted themselves triumphantly into view. A more splendid sight it would be difficult to conceive of. Among the passengers who had come on board the captain pointed to one who, years before, had lost his companion while exploring the icy mysteries of the glaciers, and whose body was never found. Ah! the beautiful, pitiless glacier!

ON THE SOGNE FJORD.

Here I spent two or three rare days of my life. It was in the little village of Balholmen, close down by the water's edge. My host and hostess and the people about, were kind-hearted, delightful friends. desiring eagerly to show me every kindness in their power. The windows of my room opened upon the glorious waters of the Fjord, where the silver light of the moon, and the red of the dawn, are reflected as in a mirror. About us and before us rose stately mountains, and the shores were fresh and beautiful with full-leaved groves. The people of this district are busy workers. Life flows quietly on; change comes seldom; and the din and confusion of the great world is kept away by the mountain barriers. They seem happy and contented. Near every village rises the spire of a little church, and rosy-cheeked boys and girls fill the school houses. It is a region poetic in the extreme—the region of a thousand Sagas—from which rises into especial prominence that of Frithyof and Ingeborg, which Tegner has so beautifully rehearsed in his exquisite poem. At another time I may give the out lines of this legendary story, as I read it while here amid the very scenes where the poem is laid, with great interest.

Among the groves near where I was staying, tradition says, stood the temple of the God Balder, and opposite at Framnaes is a huge burial mound, where the peasants say the hero Frithyof and Ingeborg are buried. The murmuring waves and whispering leaves had a thousand tales of the olden time to tell me. And I seemed to catch glimpses in the distance of shadowy companies passing through the groves; or as some near sail shot round the cliff, or swift oar cut the silver Fjord, I glanced up from my dreaming to give Frithyof welcome. The very air seemed filled with the spirits of the grand old Norwegian mythology, and I almost felt the presence of Balder, Odin and Thor! * * * But there is more than dreaming on the Sogne Fjord.—The last day of my stay, a Sabbath, near the middle of September, will always have a loving remembrance in my book of memories. As there was no service in the little village, but in the settlement of Framnaes, some miles across the Fjord, my host and his family invited me to row with them over the waters of the Fjord. We started early in the morning. The boat was rowed by bronze-faced Norwegians. It was a stormy passage, and the waves ran high; sharp gusts of wind sweeping down every now and then from the mountains and whitening the waters. We found friends waiting on the opposite shore to receive us, and went with them to the little white church on the hill-side. It was a most interesting sight. Many of the women wore their old-fashioned, picturesque costumes The white caps, with their spreading bands and full stiff borders, filled the church like snowy wings. High up in his pulpit stood the young curate, himself most interesting with his pale, intellectual face, rising from the white ecclesiastical bands and black draperies of his gown. At the close of the service there was a baptism, which was singularly touching, and then the young people placed themselves in two rows, running down the aisle, the girls on one side and the boys on the other, and the Pastor conducted the services in the Catechism. After the service we were entertained at dinner by friends, who spread before us a generous Norwegian repast. Seldom have I seen such delicacy of hospitality, such a thoughtfulness for the happiness of others as here, accompanied by a certain childlike simplicity, which is indescribably beautiful. As the afternoon waned, we found our boat waiting for us, and, bidding good-bye to our friends who had accompanied us to the pebbly-strand, and whose kindly wishes, "well over! well over!" came sweet and mellow through the twilight, we shot out over the waters of the Fjord. It was a delicious evening, which I shall not soon forget. From our company rose into the quiet air the sweet music of hymns, sung now all

round the world, and which had an especial tenderness amid these grand surroundings of towering mountains and darkening waters, waterfalls and glaciers. On the other side I found the young Curate, whom I had heard during the morning, waiting to give me welcome at the foot of his father's garden, where flowers almost drop their petals into the waters of the Fjord. Choice friends had I found in this young man and his father, the Pastor of this district, and in his cultivated mother and sisters. It was a beautiful family picture, and I cherish few things more than the memory of this last rare evening on Sogne Fjord. The parsonage is most beautifully situated at the base of grand mountains, and commands a superb view of the Fjord. Within you find evidence of the most perfect culture and refinement. I must confess it seemed almost like a dream to me, this revelation of so choice a home in this grand and lonely region. Books and flowers and music, cultivated ladies stimulating converstion on most interesting themes, and here, too, that same indescribable charm of simple, noble natures! The grand lessons which these hills and waters teach are not heard in vain. And now, in bidding good-bye to the Fjord and the dwellers on its shores, I do so very lovingly, thanking land and people for the joy and beauty which they have brought into my life.

F. W. Damon.

Berlin, May 20, 1879.

BERLIN EXPOSITION.

P. S.—May 6th. The great theme of conversation now in all circles is the "Guverbe Ausstellung," or Industrial Exposition, which has recently been opened here. As you are aware, Germany has not been considered a rival of England or France in the department of her industries and manufactures, but of late there has been very considerable progress in this direction, as the present very creditable exposition testifies. It was opened on the first of May, and is limited to articles manufactured in Berlin alone. Every one who has seen it is delighted.

The buildings are in one of the pleasant suburbs of the city, and it will be a favorite place of resort for the Berliners and strangers during the summer. Bands of music are playing every evening there. The ground covered with buildings, gardens, etc., is, I understand, about one-fifth of that covered by the recent Paris Exposition; though of course there is nothing here to compare with the French arrangements. Speaking of expositions, I follow with much interest the preparations for the Australian Exposition of the coming year. It marks, I think, a remarkable epoch in history. Here European manufacturers and artists are preparing their exhibits.

I have spent some hours at the exhibition, and I am speaking with no exaggerated enthusiasm when I say that it surpasses my most sanguine expectations. The buildings are simple, but most appropriate and tasteful; and when one realizes that the exhibits are from the industries of one city alone, it seems marvelous. In the four or five hours which I was able to spend there, I had scarcely more than time to walk through the various departments, and in this way to gain a general view, which will be of service in future visits. Everything is represented, from heavy machinery to the most remarkable productions in chocolate and sugar. Nothing is more beautiful than series of the most exquisitely and artistically furnished rooms. Those who were in Paris last summer say that these surpass anything of the kind there. The colors, and hues, and forms, lights and shadows, are studied with the most delicate care, and the result is something most beautiful. I have such a passion for draperies and hangings, tapestries, carved woods, etc., that these "rooms" have had an effect on me like music or poetry. Then the porcelains and glass, etc., from the Royal Factories, are superb in their way. There are restaurants, pavilions and places of amusement without end, and Berlin, a city which is fond of its play as well as its work, rejoices immensely over this new sensation.

I am busily occupied in hearing lectures having three a day, one on Latin Grammar, another on Sanskrit Grammar, and another which is most interesting on Latin and Greek, with a special reference to modern Greek and the Romanic languages.

There is a pleasant little garden in rear of the University, where I enjoy going between two of our lectures. The spring is daily growing more beautiful, though the air is still fresh and cool. The markets are radiant with flowers, and the flower-stores are my perpetual delight. We have now forget-me-nots, hyacinths, lilies-of the-valley, etc. I have enjoyed the time of *buds*, with us in the tropics the buds are so rarely noticed, we are always in the full enjoyment of perfected leafage, but there is especial beauty in these first heralds of awakening nature.

The debates in Parliament are going on very actively now in reference to the Tariff-bills which Bismarck proposes, every one seems much excited about the matter.

F. W. D.

Miss Bird.—Some months ago the papers announced this lady as traveling in Japan. Dr, Gulick thus writes us from Yokohama. "Miss Bird was recently here, and made an adventurous journey alone among the natives of several hundred miles. She is engaged upon a volume on Japan." We shall await with much interest this forthcoming volume.

Rev. Henry M. Booth.—Letters were received by the last steamer intimating that this young Presbyterian clergyman and wife might be expected on the next steamer. He is a son of the well known New York merchant and friend of missionaries, W. A. Booth, Esq.

☞ The old mode of ballasting ships by fragments of rock, sand, etc., is likely to be entirely superseded by a new and cheaper way. Iron tanks are placed on either side of the keelson, and when the ship is ready to leave port these tanks are pumped full of sea water by the ship's donkey engine. On arriving at her destination the water is pumped out into the harbor. Many ships are adopting the new plan.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lectures on Preaching. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College. By Matthew Simpson, D.D. L.L.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York, 1879.

We read some of these lectures as they appeared, when reported in the religious newspapers, and were much pleased with their sentiments. Mr. J. T. Waterhouse has kindly sent us from New York a volume containing all the lectures—ten in number. We have carefully read every one of the three hundred and thirty-six pages of the volume. Our admiration for the book increased, as we turned over page after page, to the close. The Bishop shows that he possesses a sanctified common sense, combined with a good theological training, which fits him to give sound advice to young men preparing for the christian ministry. We are surprised to find a "self-made" Divine occupying the position of Bishop Simpson, so absolutely free from narrow views and sectarianism. With no apparent display of scholarship and learning there is a dignified and broad-minded tone running through the whole course of Lectures, which leaves the most favorable impression upon the reader's mind, and indicates that he is the peer of Beecher, Brooks, Hall and other lecturers, who have been invited to speak at Yale, on the "Lyman-Beecher Lectureship."

The Land of the Pharaohs. By Rev. Samuel Manning, L.L.D. The Religious Tract Society, London.

This beautifully illustrated volume introduces the reader to Egypt, and its perusal imparts a delight next to a visit to that oldest of all lands. This volume takes us back to that marvellous country, and again we ascend the Pyramid of Ghizeh, and wander through the streets of Cairo. The author, Dr. Manning, has published several books of this character, including one upon Palestine, entitled "Those Holy Fields." If possible let one visit those old countries, but if that cannot be accomplished, then by all means read such books, the titles of which we here mention.

Rev. J. W. Smith, of Koloa, Kauai, thus writes under date of June 24th. "If there are 800 Chinese on this Island, it is our duty to do something to Christianize them." We are of the same opinion.

Chinese Christian Workers on the Hawaiian Islands.—Sit Moon, Acting Pastor of Chinese Church, Honolulu; Wong Ee, Hilo, Hawaii; Kong Tit Yen, Kohala, Hawaii; Sat Fan, Makawao, Maui; Shin Chack, Oahu; Ho Ah Pui, Kauai.

OAHU COLLEGE.—The report of the Examining Committee as published in the *Gazette* and *Advertiser*, bears the most favorable testimony to the prosperity of our highest seminary of learning. Most heartily we can endorse that testimonial having also been present at the examination. We do not imagine that our Island pupils abroad enjoy the advantage of any better teaching, than they would have had, had they remained on the Islands. One fact is patent, our pupils going abroad either to California or further East, are generally found fully up to the standard of scholarship with those pupils educated there. Now what we desire to see is the endowment of Oahu College, then its advantages will fully equal those of similar institutions in the Father Land. Good and rich people have endowed those seminaries of learning, and we confidently hope good and rich people, will ere-long be found generously to increase the endowment of Oahu College.

OUR ISLAND GIRLS ABROAD.—In years past, we have often referred to the high standard of scholarship attained by "our Island Boys," in the seminaries of learning of the United States. It affords us much gratification that our young lady-pupils abroad are not behind in their scholarship, when brought into competition with their fellow pupils of olden countries. At the late commencement exercises of Mills' Seminary we notice, the names of three of "our Island Girls," among the "graduating class," viz: Harriet N. Foster, Julie Judd and Charlotte A. Carter. The latter bore off the honor of the Valedictory Address. Several others from the Islands have been connected with the school during the past year. Mills' Seminary has acquired a high position as the best Female Seminary this side of the Rocky Mountains. Most heartily we congratulate the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mills upon the success which has attended their effort in the cause of female education. One of the teachers, Miss Goulding is now visiting the Islands, and we learn that before the summer close, the Rev. Mr. Mills and another teacher may arrive.

Just Received from England

—— AND ——

FOR SALE at COST PRICE

At the

BIBLE DEPOSITORY, SAILOR'S HOME,

A few copies of the following excellent works:

Daily Demembrancer, or Morning and Evening Poems for the year, by Rev James Smith.
"The First Love." Christ's Message to Ephesus, by Rev. Dr. Culross.
"Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock." Christ's Message to Laodicea, by Rev. Dr. Culross.
Grace and Truth, by Dr. W. P. Mackay.
Dorothea Trudel, or the Prayer of Faith, translated from the German.
Life of Joshua Poole. A Remarkable Conversion.
The Message from the Throne, by Mrs. Anna Shipton.
The Lost Blessing, by Mrs. Anna Shipton.
Asked of God, by Mrs. Anna Shipton.
The Watch Tower in the Wilderness, by Mrs. Anna Shipton.
The Child Minister, by Mrs Anna Shipton.
Life Truths, by Rev. J. Denham Smith.
Life in Christ, by Rev. J. Denham Smith.
Walk and Warfare, or Wilderness Provision, by Rev. J. Denham Smith.
Various Addresses, by Rev. J. Denham Smith.
Various Addresses, by D. L. Moody.
The Tabernacle and the Priesthood, by H. W. Loltau.
Female Characters of the Bible, by Rev. Dr. Hughes.
The Boy's Watchword.
Also a variety of Smaller Books by Brownlow North, S. M. Haughton, &c.

Summary Report of Ladies' S. F. Society.

Expended on behalf of fifteen beneficiaries during the year ending June, 1879 ..... $379 89

RECEIVED.

Cash on hand June 6, 1878	9 79
Annual Memberships	51 50
Donation from Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan	5 00
Dillingham & Co	20 00
Henry May	15 00
A. Kelly's expenses refunded	52 00
Cash found among of B. Hughes	11 00
Donation from Mr. Smith, Maui	10 00
Interest on investment	140 00
Donation from C. Brewer	50 00
Cash overdrawn on Bank account	6 60
Total	$370 89

MRS. S. E. BISHOP, Treasurer.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—Late telegraphic dispatches report that the 11th of June was appropriately celebrated in Berlin. Among other items we notice that six hundred prisoners received pardons, and there was a prospect for more to be pardoned.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

June 1—Brit ship Gleniffer, Cumming, 133 days fm Liverpool
6—Am bk Antioch, Weeks, 25 days fm Port Townsend en route to Hongkong, put in for water.
7—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 25 days from Port Gamble.
8—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 17 days from San Francisco
9—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from Sydney
10—Am ship Springfield, Peart, from Guano Islands
11—Am bk D C Murray, Norris, 18 days fm San Fran
12—Am bktne Catherine Sudden, Ingalls, 47 days from New Castle, N S W
12—Am schr American Girl, Backus, 14 days from San Francisco
13—Bolivian bk Surprise, Curtis, 71 days from New Castle, N S W.
13—Haw bgtne Pomare, Gooding, from Ookala, Hawaii
15—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, 14 days from S F
15—Haw stmr James Makee, Godfrey, 10 days and 20 hours from San Francisco
15—Am schr Jos Woolley, Hempstead, from Guano Is
16—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, from San Fran
17—Am tern D S Williams, Clement, from San Francisco, via Hilo
18—Am topsail schr Eustace, Boie, from San Francisco via Kahului
19—Am bk Rainier, Wulff, from Port Gamble
21—Raiatea sch Vivid, English, 12 dys fm Fanning's Is.
22—Haw bk Lilia, O'Brien, 28 days from Port Madison.
22—Am bk Helena, Snow, 22 days from Victoria, B C.
24—German stmr Cassandra, Langer, 22 days from Whampoa, China.
25—Am ship Republic, Holmes, 43 days fm Hongkong.
27—Am bktne Ella, Brown, 14 days fm San Francisco.
27—Am schr Claus Spreckles, Von Schmidt, from San Francisco, arrived at Kahului, 9 days 20 hours.

July 1—Am bk Vigilant, Smithers, 158 days fm New Bedford, lost two men, killed by falling from aloft—both Portuguese. Clean—saw whales three times.

DEPARTURES.

May 31—Am bgtne Josephine, Ogilvie, for Port Townsend
31—Ger bk Louise, Meyer, for Royal Roads
June 2—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, for San Francisco
2—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
3—Haw schr Nettie Merrill, Wallace, for South Sea Is
4—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
7—Am bk Antioch, Weeks, for Hongkong
10—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for San Francisco
11—Am bgtne Morning Star, Bray, for Micronesia
12—Am ship Springfield, Peart, for Guano Islands
15—Am schr La Gironde, Generaux, for San Fran
18—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, for Sydney
18—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Fran
21—Am ship Gen Butler, Ryder, for Port Gamble.
21—Am bk Morro Castle, Woods, for San Francisco.
21—Am schr Joseph Woolley, Hempstead, for Guano Is.
22—Am bk Helena, Snow, for Sydney.
23—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fannings Is.
24—Am bktne Discovery, Fuller, for San Francisco.
24—Am tern D S Williams, Clement, for San Francisco,
24—Brit bk Lalla Rookh, Hender, for Portland, O.
24—Haw bgtne Storm Bird, Jackson, for South Sea Is.

PASSENGERS.

For San Francisco—Per Kalakaua, June 2—Miss Lillie Williams, Miss Lottie Williams, Miss Ada Williams, Miss Daisy Williams, John Lenehan, J Ward, John Howe.

For Micronesia—Per Morning Star, June 10—Rev E T Doane.

For San Francisco—Per Zealandia, June 10—T W Williams, W C Parke and son, A R Knight and wife, Miss E Platt, S Selig, A Maillard, Mrs C B Andrews, E O Hall and wife, Mrs J S McGrew and 2 children, A W Pierce, Mrs J P Cooke and son, C E Williams and wife, A Ratiu, M Swain, John Lee, Wm McElnay, G Murray J C Logan, C B Richards, T Shore, J Le Donato, J Sutherland, W C Du Bois, Wing Ling, Gum King, Ah Sec, Gack Chong, Ah Sam,

From San Francisco—Per H W Almy, June 9—T Correll, John Wilcox, John Crane, C Chisholm, James Tatten, R S Wiltren, Arthur Peterson, Mary Siders, and three Chinese.

From Sydney—Per Zealandia, June 9—Mrs C Browne, W Marienens, J Johnston, C E Harbeck, A Crawley, M Fredericks, Mrs Bruns, C Kavanagh.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murry, June 12—Mr Flemming, Frank Coll, Jas Bonythin, T Waddle, Steward Blanc and 10 Chinese.

From San Francisco—Per American Girl, June 12—J J Moorehead, J G Kipp, Mr McGinnis, A Onz, O Sam and 7 Chinese.

From Guano Islands—Per Joseph Woolley, June 15—Capt Robert Briggs, Capt Hiram Closson, wife and son, Chas Himes, John Smith, James Gordon, William Jones, and 22 Hawaiians.

From San Francisco, par James Makee, June 16—F P Makenzie, Fred Wagman.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, June 17—Mrs Gibson, Misses Coney, H A Widemann, Mrs M E Wood, C Lehman and wife, Miss Widemann, Mary Lehman, Henry Lehman, Hanz Lehman, T C and J Lehman, E Bailey, Jas G Fair, Jas Day, J G Fair Jr, Otto Frinsch, Mary Frinsch, E Rehse, Mrs A L Cushing, Mrs C K Goulding, H H Cluff and wife, Mr Hould and wife, C Anderson and wife, Mary Hould, J Knell, Jas Campbell and wife, Mrs H Turton, L Godfried, Col C H Judd, Mrs Alex Campbell, W H Campbell, H Cornwell and wife, Wm Pearson, E Bowles, M H Briggs, M Ashley, H W O Melvery, J Moore. J N Winkotchill, J M Coleman, F Orens, A Unna and wife, Mrs Capt Cobb, C H Eldridge, John M Morton and wife, Mary Morton, Henry Morton, Jane Brown, Mr Anthon, Mary Cornwell, Kate Cornwell, Elizabeth M'Cormick, Margaret Sullivan, Mary Smith, J S Bishop, Allen Ramsay, Wm Burt, Wm Chassels Elias A Hart, J Brehe, Patrick Egan, C Hingley, Frank Tibbetts, Antonio George, Otto Friedlander, J Blainey, Jno Davis, Jas Moore, Wm Mutch, L A Beawoein Geo Chapman, Matilda Williams, Annie Sheppard, Mrs F Sandman, J Howes, Robt Higgins, M F Sullivan, Jno Adams, Harry Friedlander, Jno Clark, James Dailey, James Hogan, Chas Donohue, Wm Elliott, Robert Williams, Sarah Williams, Mrs. Eliza Oxley, Mrs J Kelshaw, Henry Kelshaw, E Kelshaw, Mrs Delia Frazier, Mary Frazier, Helen Frazier, Frank Frazier, Jas Silva, Thos Moon, 58 Chinese, and 89 passengers in transitu.

From San Francisco—Per Eureka, June 16—Chas Kamar, wife and child, Martin Anderson, Henry Forster, Benjamin Wilcox, Henry Goldstein, John Hoppen, 38 males, one female and three children, Chinese.

For Sydney—Per City of New York, June 17—A Jouvinne, F D Walker, wife and 3 children, F Wirth, D Jones, B Hymanson.

For San Francisco—Per W H Almy, June 18—G J Lansing, Geo L Blake, John Wilcox.

For San Francisco—Per Morro Castle, June 21—J N Wiskotschill.

From Fannings Island, per Vivid, June 21—E Probert, 6 Hawaiians and one Chinese.

From Victoria, per Helena, June 22—A Reiss and wife.

From Port Madison, w T, per Lilia, June 24—J R Bean, L P Hanson.

For San Francisco, per Discovery, June 24—A E Warrell, H P Chappell, James Quinn, E M Panser, A R Silloway, C Smith, F M Alston, Jas Savidge, W Schmidt, W F Fraga, H Bundy.

From Whampoa, China, per Stmr Cassandra, June 25—492 Chinese.

From Hongkong, China, per Republic, June 26—20 Chinese.

MARRIED.

WEIGHT—BLAISDELL—In this city, June 3d, at St Andrew's Cathedral, by the Rev Mr McIntosh assisted by the Rev T Blackburn, WM WEIGHT to JENNIE BLAISDELL, both of Honolulu. No cards.

GILES—AFONG—In this city June 5th, by His Lordship the Bishop of Honolulu, Mr HENRY GILES to Miss EMMELINE AGATHA MARIE, eldest daughter of the Hon C Afong.

WALKER—CUMMINS.—In this city, June 21, by Rev H H Parker, at the residence of the bride's father, Hon J A Cummins, THOMAS WALKER, formerly of London, England, to Miss MATILDA CUMNINS.

HINDS—KEOMAILANI.—In this city, June 23, by Rev. H. Parker, CHARLES HINDS to ANNIE KEOMAILANI,

DIED.

GAY—At Waimea, Hawaii, May 21st, ATHOL K GAY, second son of James and Mary Gay. Aged 9 months and 21 days.

ISENBERG—At Lihue, Kauai, May 29th, BETA HELENA OTTOILIE, beloved daughter of Otto and Helen Isenberg. Aged 18 months and 16 days.

JEWETT—In this city, June 3d, at the residence of J B Atherton, Esq, of disease of the heart, Captain GEORGE W JEWETT, a native of Bristol, R I, aged 47 years. He was master of the bark Morro Castle of New York.

PETER MORRISON—At the Queen's Hospital, (suddenly) in Honolulu, June 11th, PETER MORRISON, aged about 24 years, a native of Scotland.

HOWARD—At Waikapu, Maui, June 18, of heart disease, CHARLES HOWARD, a native of Massachusetts, U S, aged about 50 years.

PARKE—In this city, June 22d, MARY H. PARKE, sister of the Hon W C Parke. [Boston papers please copy.]

GRIEVE—In this city, June 24, after a short illness, WILLIAM GRIEVE, a native of Scotland, aged 76 years. He had resided in Honolulu during the past 12 years, and for a number of years previously in the United States.

RYAN—At his residence, Queen street, Honolulu, June 27th, W. P. RYAN, aged 62 years. For many years a resident of this city.

WILLIAMS—At Halawa, Oahu, June 27, J. R. WILLIAMS, District Justice of Ewa, aged about 60 years.

"Abide With Me."

"Abide with me," the day is past and gone;
'Tis even tide, and night is coming on;
The darkness o'er me creeps,
And my sad spirit seeks
Thy presence, Lord, for I am faint and lone.

The way is long and dark, and often drear;
The thorns are springing up, and clouds appear;
And heavy shadows lay
Across my weary way,
And I am sinking fast, and filled with fear.

"Abide with me." The tempter's power is strong,
And I am weak; I often do the wrong
I would not, and I pray
That Thou would'st from this day
"Abide with me;" and bear me safe along.

"Abide with me;" I cannot let Thee go
Unless Thou dost a blessing, Lord, bestow,
I feel my need of Thee.
Savior, "abide with me;"
I know Thou wilt not, canst not answer, No.

Endowment of Oahu College.

In some remarks which the Editor offered in his sermon on "Home Evangelization," preached by request of H. E. Association, the endowment of Oahu College, found a place. The subject is one of cardinal importance to our Island community. We copy as follows:

It is now nearly, if not quite a quarter of a century, since any steps have been taken effectually to increase the endowment of that institution, and to broaden the course of study there taught. To educate and evangelize a people you must have not only Sabbath Schools, Primary Schools and Boarding Schools for young children, but schools of a higher grade are needed. Oahu College has, during the last forty years done a good work, and God's blessing has rested upon the institution, but for the Home Evangelization and education of the rising generation, that institution needs a generous endowment. The President's position ought to be made, independent of tuition fees. One or two good Professorships ought to be speedily endowed. A Professorship of languages, including the modern languages, ought be established, and another Professorship of Natural History, including the Department of Chemistry. New buildings ought to be erected, and the whole establishment lifted up and made more potent for science, learning and Christianity. One hundred thousand dollars ought to be raised for buildings and Professorships. Such an advanced step would have a most important bearing upon the Home Evangelization of the Hawaiian Kingdom. It would correspond to similar efforts among the American people, in behalf of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, and other institutions of learning. Some of our rich planters might well afford to endow a Professorship of Chemistry, as a pecuniary venture. Our men of wealth, our merchants and planters, should realize, that the highest end of their lives, is not merely to enrich their families, and expend their acquired wealth, in material display.

In no way could the Hawaiian and Chinese portions of our population, be more favorably impressed and elevated, than by seeing Americans and Europeans in our midst, coming noble forward and handsomely endowing some institution of learning of a decided Christian type and character. In this way, the gospel leaven would appear to be operative and potential. Our young people ought to be educated, highly educated, and this cannot be accomplished without the endowment of a Christian college. Oahu College made, what it ought to be made, would exert a most powerful influence upon all the other seminaries of learning throughout this kingdom, Micronesia and the world. Home Evangelization implies, not merely distributing tracts and preaching the Gospel in the streets, but a thorough infusion of Gospel ideas and principles into families, and all the avenues of trade and commerce.

When the scheme of annexation was agitated, twenty and more years ago, and it was stipulated that the United States would pay one million of dollars and more, one-tenth part of this amount was to be devoted to the higher purposes of education, and Oahu College was to have been handsomely endowed. I have regretted that when Reciprocity was initiated and secured, in some way, the cause of higher education, was not to receive a generous portion of the duties remitted on sugar, and other island exports to the United States. One-tenth of the duties remitted during "these seven years of plenty," would have been a handsome contribution to the higher purposes of education. Something ought to be done.

Fornander's Book Again.

Dr. Gulick thus writes us from Yokohama, Japan, under date of April 22d:

"Mr. Fornander's first volume has thrown much light on the past. Whether we accept or not his theory of the Aryan (and Cushite) origin of the Polynesians, I shall watch for his second volume with impatience."

We received a note from Mr. Fornander a few days since, in which we find an allusion to the second volume, and some of our readers, we feel confident, will be much interested to learn that it is nearly ready for publication.

"If I can now have a month's uninterrupted time to myself, I think I can finish the second volume. I mean to stop at the time of the conquest and consolidation of the islands under Kamehameha I,, at the battle of Nuuanu, 1796, with perhaps a short reference to the cession of Kauai in 1809. The accession to supreme power of Kamehameha I. closes the old regime, the really ancient history of the Hawaiian people, with which alone I have been concerned. Since these new systems of government, new political relations, new social customs, new religious ideas have gradually, or "per saltum," worked themselves up to the surface, I think it as well, or rather better to commence the Hawaiian Modern History at the battle of Nuuanu, as at the arrival of Capt. Cook or the arrival of the missionaries, forty years later. The former prepared the way for the unification of the islands; the latter put the seal of Christianity on that unification; another border line between darkness and light, between the old and the new, may as well be drawn where I intend to draw it, as at any other intermediate period. Without unification these islands might to-day be what the Samoan and Marquesas still are; with unification they have become what they are, a marvel in history, a crown of glory to their civilizers, and a puzzle to the sceptics. With modern Hawaiian history, I do not think that I shall occupy myself. That is a matter of documentary evidence, to be gathered from book-stores and archives accessible to any diligent inquirer; that is a question of the present, its diversified beginnings and its tortuous but ever upward development; a period of broad daylight, historically speaking, during which a careful and candid investigator cannot possibly go wrong. For my part, I have chosen to describe the past, whose only lights were the scattered stars of legend and myth. Let others bask in the sunshine; God's world is beautiful, even when seen by starlight."

FATE OF THE SHENANDOAH.—Everybody has heard of the Shenandoah, the notorious privateer of the Southerners of the American civil war; but I do not suppose that many know what was the ultimate fate of the ship when the war ended. Of all the places in the world she now lies 'fathoms deep" off the Island of Socotra, in the Arabian gulf. Her story is a strange one. She was busy burning whalers in Behring Straits, when Waddell, her commander, the "mildest mannered man who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," heard of the collapse of the south. His occupation being gone, and being without home or harbor to which he durst, with safety, return, he ran the Shenandoah to Liverpool, and immediately surrendered her to her Majesty's ship Donegal, in the Mersey. She was handed over to the American Consul, and afterwards bought at auction by Nicol, Fleming & Co.—a firm that has earned a notoriety in connection with the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank—for the Sultan of Zanzibar. After remaining idly at Zanzibar for some years, she was sent to Bombay for repairs, but foundered off Socotra, all hands being lost except one Englishman and a few Lascars.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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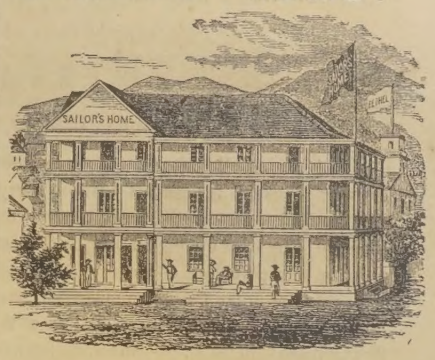

ED. DUNSCOMBE,

Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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OTHER BOOKS ON THE ISLANDS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the Planters and Foreign Residents

Chinese Church Building Fund.

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SOLICITED in aid of Christian Chinese to purchase land and build a Church in Honolulu to worship Almighty God in their own language. The call for a Church comes from themselves.

Pledges are invited, to be paid on or before the 10th of January, 1880, which will be received by Mr. Joseph B. Atherton, the Treasurer, Mr. Gookim, or Mr. Aseu.

Funds can also be remitted to Bishop & Co., Bankers, for account of Chinese Church Building Fund.

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

January 1st, 1879. d28 6m

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To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Organization of the Chinese Church.

The Honolulu Y. M. C. A. have been actively engaged for several years in carrying forward evangelistic work among the Chinese, it is with unfeigned delight that we are able to report that our efforts, combined with those of other Christian workers, have finally culminated in the organization of the first Chinese Church on the Hawaiian Islands. It is a marked and signal event in our religious history. Below we present the official Report of the Ecclesiastical Council which was convened on Sabbath afternoon, June 8th, for the organization of this Church:

HONOLULU, June 8th, 1879.

Pursuant to letters missive an Ecclesiastical Council convened at the Lyceum, Sunday, June 8th, at 2 P. M., to consider the expediency of organizing a Chinese Church, as voted by the persons sending the letters missive; and if thought advisable, to take part in public exercises appropriate to the organization of such church.

Rev. S. C. Damon, D. D., read the letter missive.

All the parties invited were present, as follows: From the Bethel Church, Rev. S. C. Damon, D. D., Pastor; Rev. S. E. Bishop, Delegate. Fort Street Church, Rev. W. Frear, Pastor; Brotber J. B. Atherton, Delegate. Kawaiahao Church, Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor; Brother Lapaki, Delegate. Kaumakapili Church, Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor; Deacon E. S. Kalauao, Delegate. Rev. H. Bingham, Secretary Hawaiian Board. Rev. C. M. Hyde, President North Pacific Mission Institute.

The Council was organized by the choice of Rev. Dr. Damon as Moderator, and Rev. Dr. Hyde as Scribe. The Moderator led in prayer.

A list of those proposing to unite from other churches was shown, and their certificates of membership. Also, the names of those proposing to unite by profession of faith.

The Council voted that they were so far satisfied with the proceedings that they would join in public services of recognition. Accordingly, as previously arranged, Rev. M. Kuaea led in prayer; the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," was sung in Chinese and English; the names of those presenting certificates, and of those uniting on profession, were read, and the parties named arose in response; the Creed and Covenants were read; the six uniting by profession were baptized by Rev. Dr. Damon; an infant child, Charles Keai En, son of Joseph Yap Tin Seow, was baptized; Rev. Dr. Damon made a brief address; Rev W. Frear led in prayer; and the exercises were closed by singing the hymn, "Rock of Ages," in Chinese and English; and the benediction was pronounced by the Moderator.

The members of the new church were invited to attend the Communion with the Evangelical Association at Kaumakapili; and according to vote, the Council was then dissolved.

A true copy. Attest:

S. C. DAMON, Moderator.
C. M. HYDE, Scribe.

☞ The Y. M. C. A. held a meeting at the Lyceum on Friday evening, the 27th ult., at which Dr. Kinney presided. After the Reports of Committees, the topic of the evening was discussed, viz: *The Book of Job.* Mr. Bowen read an admirable essay upon the point, "whether Job's vindication was correct." Mr. Kinney read another essay on "The argument of Job and his friends." Mr Lyons offered remarks upon the question, "What had Satan to do with the afflictions of Job?" Dr. Whitney read an essay upon the Plan of the Book. Dr. Damon and Rev. S. E. Bishop offered remarks upon the Time and Place, When and Where the Book was Written. So much interest was awakened by the discussion that a similar programme was sketched out for the next meeting, when "Homer and the Iliad" would take the place of "The Book of Job."

Hon. William E. Dodge says: "The statesmen of Europe are beginning to look to the enormous amounts worse than wasted in drink as one of the great causes of the increase of distress and misery in those countries across the water. The amount actually spent is not all. The pauperism and misery directly resulting from the effect of the liquor thus consumed may safely be said to amount in dollars and cents to as much more. This is rendered certain by the amounts which are known to be spent in charity and the administration of justice consequent upon the effect of the liquor traffic. In England, as he said, the interest in the economical aspect of this question is becoming very intense, and the very ablest men—men of wealth, men of position, men who had not hitherto ranked themselves among the class of total abstainers—are earnestly bestowing their best thoughts on the subject."

An Extraordinary Sentence.

The following extract is taken from a sentence recently pronounced by Judge Reading, of Morris, Ill., upon the liquor dealers who had violated the law by selling liquor to minors:

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no man has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or a sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form. You may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your own lawful profit; you may fill it with allurements of amusement; you may use all the arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of 21, when they, too, can participate, for this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips, you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. For while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Their parents have the right to say, 'Leave my son to me until the law gives you the privilege to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection.

"That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for this community to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few hours of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in a small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.' This is something which you who now stand prisioners at the bar have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license. For this offense the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of $75 and costs; and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."